PAM.
BIOG.

Captain Allen Gardiner.

A HERO.

To Lewis and
All my Allen Gardiner Class
This is lovingly dedicated by
V. F. P.

The map is from "The Neglected Continent," by permission of FLEMING H. REVELL CO.

Captain Allen Gardiner.

By V. F. P.

Allen Gardiner, born in England in 1794, was one of the world's heroes. Even as a child he showed the spirit of the man he became. When they found him sleeping on the floor instead of in bed, he said he expected to travel all over the world when he became a man and must prepare for hardship.

He loved a life of adventure and so went first to a naval college, then into the navy.

One day when he was in China, curiosity took him into a heathen temple. The idolatrous worship made him remember the words of his Christian parents; he saw what heathenism was, and boldly took his stand for Christ and the Gospel. He began his work at once, with his shipmates who were little better than heathen; and wherever the ship put into port, he got leave of absence and explored the region, making himself everywhere familiar with the needs of the people.

He married. In 1834 his wife died, and he then gave himself up to "become the pioneer of a Christian mission to the most abandoned heathen."

He married a second time, and for six years afterwards took his wife and children with him on long, dangerous journeys which they delighted in.

At one time he went to South Africa with a party of missionaries, but all had to flee. He spent one year vainly trying to take the Gospel into New Guinea. When one door closed he turned another way. At last he settled on South America. He spent ten months on the Falkland Islands, visiting Patagonia, and beseeching the

Church Missionary Society to plant a mission there. In 1844, after much effort, he formed the Patagonian Missionary Society, and the next year he and Robert Hunt anchored in Gregory Bay; but they were compelled to withdraw by a wicked chief, and their possessions were stolen as they were going on board their ship.

Then he went to Bolivia, but the jealousy of the Roman Catholic priests drove him away.

The Patagonian Missionary Society had been much discouraged by his failure, "not so the brave Captain." They said it would require $5,000 to start a new expedition. This a lady gave, and in September 1850 he again

sailed from England. He had had built two two-decked boats, each twenty-six feet long, to be floating homes for the missionaries, for he had found the people so thievish he could not live on land; two smaller boats enabled them to go on shore at any time.

December 5th the ship anchored in Banner Cove, and on the 18th sailed for home, carrying back cheerful messages from Captain Gardiner and his six brave companions. Then began an awful existence in their work of saving the natives from heathenism. Tierra del Fuego offered all conceivable obstacles, ice, snow, fearful hurricanes.

A few of the natives had once been taken to England,

and Captain Gardiner had hoped to be able to use one, Jemmy Button, as an interpreter. But he led the natives against the heroes and they were forced to live in their boats.

Misfortunes and disasters followed rapidly. A heavy storm cost them an anchor and both smaller boats. The terrible discovery was made that the whole supply of powder and shot with which they had expected to shoot game had been taken back to England, and they had no means to defend themselves from the natives. Then one of the awful gales peculiar to that region destroyed a large boat.

At Garden Island they buried several bottles, with wooden signs fastened up "Look beneath." Each bottle contained a paper: "We are gone to Spaniard Harbor. * * * We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out; and if not soon relieved we shall be starved." They also painted in two places on the rocks, "You will find us in Spaniard Harbor."

In April the terrible winter began. The deep caves formed their best refuge from the terrific winds, for their boats proved to the climate of material not suited. They were plundered by the natives; their food supplies failed; they starved on mussels, limpets, and an

occasional sea-fowl; their fish-nets were carried off by ice floes; the awful high tides and seas threatened to drown them in their caves;—yet they held out till September 1851. Probably Gardiner was the last to die. His journal and that of Mr. Richard Williams, a surgeon who gave up a good practice to accompany him, were preserved as by a miracle.

Their faith in God never for a moment seems to have faltered. "Should we even languish and die here," wrote Gardiner on his birthday while the deep June snow of their winter lay all around, "I beseech Thee to raise up others, and send forth laborers into this har-

vest." His last written words, September 6th, ended "Marvellous loving kindness to me a sinner."

Twenty days later the special relief ship arrived. There, in the boat, lay one dead body, another on the beach, another buried. The men cried like children. "Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools were strewed along the beach and on the boat's deck and cuddy." The gale barely permitted them time to bury the dead and board their ship.

Three months later another ship touching there completed the discoveries, guided by the writings on the rocks. Near the place where Gardiner lay was inscribed

on the rock: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from Him."

What their lives failed to do, their deaths accomplished. Christian England re-formed the Society, and now from Tierra del Fuego, the South American Missionary Society of which Allen Gardiner was founder, is rapidly extending its agencies.

In 1854 the *Allen Gardiner* missionary schooner set sail, one of the Falkland Islands being the station chosen from which to work for the natives of Tierra del Fuego.

Rev. Allen W. Gardiner, Captain Gardiner's only son, joined the Mission in 1860, going afterwards to Chili,

where he made many expeditions among the Araucanian Indians whom his father had vainly tried to reach in 1838.

And his son, William Reade Gardiner, almost at his own charges, went to carry on in Chili as a medical missionary the work so dear to his father and grandfather. There he arrived and died in March, 1891.

Since 1872 the work in Tierra del Fuego has gone steadily on. The *Allen Gardiner* still sails on missionary cruises. The brutal Patagonians and Fuegians are evangelized, civilized, Christianized.

Darwin, when visiting Patagonia had thought them "human monkeys." But when in 1881 he learned from

Admiral Sullivan of these marvelous changes he said: "I could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world could have made the Fuegians honest. The success of the Tierra del Fuego Mission is most wonderful, and shames me, as I always prophesied utter failure."

Till the day of his death, from this time, Darwin regularly subscribed to the Society which God had used to elevate these "human monkeys."

Shall not Gardiner's life—and death—rouse us to better, nobler work for his Master and ours?

"O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

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